Mrs. STEWART's CASE,

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE

ENLIGHTENED PART OF THE PUBLICK:

INCLUDING HER

LETTER

TO

LORD RAWDON.

THE SECOND EDITION:
With a *POSTSCRIPT.*

No more, my friends, if one of low-born race
Acts basely, shall I marvel, since the great,
Who glory in their high-trac'd ancestry,
Thus merit censure for dishonest speech.

POTTER's SOPHOCLES. Ajax, 1100.

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

Mrs. STEWART's

CASE.

IT is, I believe, generally allowed, that for private and unimportant individuals to obtrude themſelves and their perſonal concerns upon the publick attention, is a taſk at once ſo delicate and comprehenſive, as cannot but extremely embarraſs any perſon endued with common ſenſibility; even when that perſon may have nothing to encounter nor apprehend from prepoſſeſſion or malevolence. To me, many conſiderations of ſingular moment, —former ſituation, and preſent diſadvantage— render this taſk peculiarly arduous, and painfully affecting.

My intention is not to ingratiate vulgar opinion, which I deſpiſe; nor do I wiſh to conciliate the ignorant or the illiberal: too well knowing the ſtandard of pretenſion which ſuffices for *their* favour; and that, with them, adverſity is not the key which can open the door of mercy or of juſtice. Strangers to "the tender charities," and hoſtile to whatever would challenge virtues which they do not poſſeſs, like other cowards they commence bravoes, and where they cannot *ſtab*, they are ſure to *revile*.

From the virtuous and the diſcriminating I have nothing to fear: but, indeed, every liberal indulgence to hope from a generous and enlightened publick, to whoſe judgment I preſume to appeal; and to whoſe beneficence I ſubmit myſelf with that honeſt confidence which is alike remote from arrogance or diſtruſt. Therefore, with Truth and Misfortune for my advocates, I ſhall proceed to ſtate my unfortunate Caſe.

Thoſe

They whoſe favourable opinion I am alone ambitious to propitiate, will readily excuſe me for adverting as little as poſſible to thoſe unhappy circumſtances of paſt events, which would be injurious to the memory of the dead, and wound the feelings of the living. *What* were my publick ſufferings, and *how* I ſuſtained them, the world has not now to learn.

It will be recollected that, at that period, the late Sir Thomas Frankland, for obvious purpoſes, attempted to diſcredit my birth*, by pretending to queſtion the validity of my pedigree, which fell into his hands amongſt the general rapine of Harley Street Houſe. And it will alſo be remembered, that, to obviate this dark, though abſurd attempt, Mr. Cummyng, Record-keeper of the Lyon

* The Baronet ſeems to have been well aware of that reſpectability which is ever attendant on birth: "the advantages of which," Dr. Johnſon truly obſerves, "are never deſpiſed but by thoſe who do not poſſeſs them."

Office of Scotland*, officially authenticated that pedigree upon oath, before the then Lord Mayor of London; which affidavit, with a tranſcript of the genealogy, Sir Thomas Frankland's letter to the Lyon Office, and Mr. Cummyng's anſwer, were all inſerted in the daily papers. Thus one of the moſt ſiniſter artifices which wickedneſs could deviſe, or ignorance ſuggeſt, terminated in the Baronet's confuſion.

This pedigree proves me lineally deſcended from Graham Earls of Monteith †, and Stewart Earls of Galloway, whoſe common anceſtor and mine was Alexander the Sixth Lord High Steward of Scot-

* And now Secretary to the Honourable Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh.

† This Peerage is now dormant by failure of male heirs. The coheireſs daughters were Mary and Helen. Mrs. Stewart is the great granddaughter of Mary the elder; and Lord Rawdon the great grandſon of Helen the younger. Mary married her couſin Walter Graham of Gartur, firſt cadet of the Monteith family; and Helen married to Sir James Rawdon: conſequently Mrs. Stewart and Lord Rawdon are preſumptive claimants to this dormant Peerage.

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land, father to Robert the Second, firſt monarch of the name of Stewart.

From my being an only ſurviving child, and an orphan, I am conſequently without the advantage of parental or fraternal relative: yet having couſins and alliances whoſe opulence gives ample power of munificence, from thoſe I might reaſonably expect to benefit; and that people high in rank, and proud of anceſtry, would at leaſt reſpect their own birth in me their kinſwoman. But vain is the folly of hoping that the ties of affinity can engage, or the plea of misfortune avail, where callous proſperity reigns; where the ſenſe of humanity is ſtifled by ſordidneſs; and the pampered inſolence of ſuperior fortune leads the poſſeſſors to conceive, that they may neglect the obligations of propriety, and the duties of kindred.

Doomed, as it ſhould ſeem, to be every way unfortunate, even that verdict of honourable acquittal which eſtabliſhes innocence, and is, by the united

united conſent of mankind, allowed to obliterate the opprobrium of accuſation, has not proved ſufficient to enſure *me* this candour: for ſuch is the extraordinary malice of my fate, or ſuch the licentious ſpirit of individuals, that calumny ceaſed not to purſue me; and VULGAR PREJUDICE appeared but the more envenomed by the very fact which ſhould have ſilenced it for ever.

When emancipated from the horrors of a dungeon, the deſolated victim of a conſpiracy which plundered my property and ſought my life, I returned into the world ruined, traduced, and deſtitute. The miſeries which accompanied me may well be imagined among the ſevereſt which human calamity knows. A gentlewoman—where was my ſubſiſtence? Would my torn mind ſeek peace, and cheriſh moralities?—would my delicacy conceal myſelf from contumelious obſervation, and I ſolicit laudable eſtabliſhment?—where obtain, by what means accompliſh, either? An uncandid,

candid, and ſurely unjuſtifiable prejudice deprives me of even the common advantages of conduct and of life. Nothing abſolves its remorſeleſs ſtigmas and foul ſuſpicions. Atteſted innocence, ſucceeding rectitude, nor any right, reſcues from its peſtilential influence, which confounds and transforms all actions and conſequences to its own crooked interpretations, and rancorous depravity.

Under this oppreſſive dilemma have I, for years, dragged a wounded exiſtence, cruelly embittered by a conſciouſneſs, which it might ſound arrogant in me to name. Induſtriouſly hiding myſelf and my misfortunes, I ſilently and reſpectably endured that indigence and thoſe evils, that would, perhaps, have excuſed the loudeſt complaints, and have extenuated latitudes of conduct, which, though inimical to virtue, ſhe will never condemn without tears of pity.

There is a ſenſibility which dreads nothing more than the humiliation of coarſe commiſeration, or the

the ungracious bounty that inſults the diſtreſs it relieves. Therefore that want muſt be too evident for concealment, and too potent for human ſufferance, which can prevail with me to confeſs my neceſſity, or ſolicit aſſiſtance.

As it would be impertinent to trouble the public with any particulars that may properly be omitted, I ſhall recite thoſe incidents only that have more immediately compelled me to this publication.

In the year 1785 I voluntarily relinquiſhed a dependence, which, conſiſtent with my better feelings, I could no longer retain. Impoveriſhed as this reſignation left me, yet obliged to ſupport that decent appearance of circumſtances, without which neither reputation nor reſpect can be maintained, I neceſſarily became embarraſſed, and contracted unavoidable debts. Impelled by theſe exigencies, and, I truſt, a laudable deſire of acquiring ſome honourable permanency, I determined upon a direct and preſſing application to

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certain of my relations, who, from their leaſt ſuperfluity, might ſpare ſufficient to exempt me from abſolute want; and that is the utmoſt exertion which I ſhould require of them.

The *received* opinion of my Lord Rawdon's character, induced me to eſpecially expect from him a more than ordinary liberality of ſentiment. I accordingly wrote to his Lordſhip, repreſenting my neceſſities, and giving a circumſtantial account of myſelf, my conduct, and my ſituation, from the period of my public misfortunes until the then preſent hour. I likewiſe empowered his Lordſhip to ſatisfy himſelf fully of the exact truth of what I advanced. This was an ingenuouſneſs which I felt indiſpenſible in ſeeking the friendſhip of a perſon of eſteemed honour and perſonal worth. My Lord was then at Donington, and favoured my letter with an immediate reply, ſaying, " That ſhould " he find my circumſtances, &c. ſuch as I had " deſcribed, he would be happy to render me any

" assistance in his power. But that this, as like-
" wise the necessary enquiries, must await his ar-
" rival in town: no person occurring to him at
" present, to whom he could entrust so delicate a
" commission."

Some time thence, Colonel Hastings called upon me from Lord Rawdon with a pecuniary favour; and if I was grateful for his Lordship's benevolence, I was still more sensible to the grace with which it came. I endeavoured to express this, and how desirous I was, that my Lord should be convinced, that I had not sought the honour of his attention under any disguise or misrepresentation whatever. The Colonel replied, " That I
" might rest assured of his Lordship's being per-
" fectly satisfied, otherwise he would not have
" sent *him*."

I received a second obligation by the hands of the Colonel, who then said, " That Lord Rawdon
" would wait upon me himself, when he heard
" from

" from Lady Moira *, to whom he had written." This was in the ſpring of 1786; and but a ſhort time after, his Lordſhip generouſly ſent to me a more conſiderable donation than his two former favours. A conduct ſo beneficent, and graced with delicacy and good breeding, muſt neceſſarily impreſs me with a ſenſe of the higheſt gratitude, and moſt perfect reſpect. On his return to town, the following winter, I wrote a letter expreſſive of theſe ſentiments, which receiving no attention, nor myſelf any future notice, I was naturally exceedingly piqued at ſuch abrupt and marked incivility; and, perhaps, rather pointedly, expreſſed my ideas of what I could not but deem an inſult, and the more ſo from having been obliged to his bounty.

It was impoſſible for me even to conjecture what could have occaſioned this change in his Lordſhip; and, indeed, I felt ſo indignant, and held it ſo unworthy a conduct, that I was little ſolicitous of

* Lord Rawdon's Mother.

knowing, until I experienced eventual conſequences too ſerious to be diſregarded.

A firſt couſin whom I applied to, imploring that I might only be extricated from the impending danger of arreſt, rejected my requeſt with an almoſt incredible obduracy. Yet as I, nevertheleſs, owe him ſome gratitude, and eſteem his good qualities, I forbear naming him.

What relations refuſe, it cannot be ſuppoſed ſtrangers will perform; and one's family withholding their aid or protection is not the only injuſtice which their conduct inflicts. It extends much further: it injures by example and oblique reflection. To ſtrangers, however, with very few exceptions, do I owe every beneficence which I have experienced.

Involved, and unable to appeaſe the importunity of creditors, I was arreſted in February 1787, and thrown into priſon. In this gulph of wretchedneſs I ſuffered, upwards of eleven months, the

extremes

extremes of penury, ſorrow, and ſickneſs; and that I was not totally loſt, I have not to thank my relations.

My Lord Galloway, and other individuals of that family, were ineffectually written to, and remonſtrated with, upon my moſt calamitous ſituation. Lord Rawdon was alſo informed of my diſtreſs; and it is ſingular enough, that at this very period, his Lordſhip was breathing nothing but lamentations for "the poor debtors languiſhing in their dungeons!" But the world has heard of words that burn—from hearts that freeze.

When the actions againſt me muſt either have run up to execution, or become ſuperſedable, my creditors, agreeing to give time, I regained my liberty. That given time is now nearly elapſed, and I am, conſequently, from that circumſtance, as likewiſe from other debts, in hourly danger of being replunged into impriſonment.

In the early part of my confinement one fact had taken

taken place, and latterly ſeveral incidents occurred, from which I had good reaſon to infer that Lord Rawdon was not merely unfriendly, but actively malevolent. It will preſently appear how extenſively this inference is proved.

Not having obtained my liberty by pecuniary arrangements, I left the priſon more ruined than when I entered it. My debts conſiderably augmented by the expences incurred upon them; my health deeply impaired; and myſelf abſolutely pennyleſs. In this forlorn condition, I ſhould have been literally without reſort of "ſhelter, food, or raiment," had not the compaſſion of a worthy family taken me into their houſe, and afforded me temporary accommodations.

Thoſe relations who had yielded neither ſuccour nor pity to ſuch an impriſonment as mine; who had unfeelingly known me ſinking under the accumulated preſſure of confinement, ſickneſs, and famine, without a bed to repoſe on, or a morſel to

ſuſtain

ſuſtain nature with *; from theſe people it may be thought I could not rationally expect any thing but a continuance of inhumanity.

Still there is a fond perſuaſion in miſery, and an aptitude to hope implanted in the mind, which often leads us to preſume *that* poſſible, which our reaſon would ſhew us the utter inconſiſtency of expecting. Impelled by this inherent influence, and too regardful of decorum to take any publick meaſure without firſt admoniſhing the parties concerned, in Auguſt laſt I wrote to my Lord Galloway a delicate remonſtrance, and emphatick ſupplication: entreating that his Lordſhip and the family would at leaſt exempt me from the otherwiſe inevitable neceſſity of ſoliciting publick charity. But this, like former addreſſes, has remained unnoticed.

It may be proper that I ſhould mention my having alſo written to the Honourable Keith Stew-

* This was literally Mrs. Stewart's ſituation for many weeks, in the ſick room of the priſon; and, more or leſs ſo, during the whole time of her impriſonment.

art: not indeed from my own ſuggeſtion, but from accidentally ſpeaking of my unhappy circumſtances to a certain Nobleman of high birth, and yet more diſtinguiſhed merit and underſtanding. His Lordſhip adviſed an application to Mr. Keith Stewart, whoſe mind and ſpirit were ſuch, he thought, as promiſed liberality. Agreeably to this idea, I loſt no time in writing; and expreſſed myſelf in terms and with ſentiments that I ſhall never be aſhamed of acknowledging.

But, inſtead of evincing any liberality, nay, the ſemblance of decency, he even condeſcended to diſpenſe with the obſervance of common good manners; and, did it not ſavour too much of the honourable gentleman's own "*broadneſs*," I might ſay, that he evaded my application with ſomething *very like* the vulgarity of a clown, the cunning of a Jeſuit, and the principles of a Jew. However, what ſhall be ſaid of people who, having two characters, but that, wearing them as they do their wardrobe,

wardrobe, they uſe one garb for *dreſs*, and another for *convenience?*—Happy facility of ſapient adroitneſs! which, while it can thus paſs current with the herd of mankind, let no virtue boaſt, nor any meanneſs fear to ſhew its head. And that worthleſſneſs and wealth are ſo frequently united, is, perhaps, but merit revenged on the prepoſterous partiality of fortune.

The Reader will be pleaſed to recollect my having before ſaid, I had good reaſon to conclude that Lord Rawdon had not confined himſelf to mere unfriendlineſs: it therefore became incumbent upon me to take the firſt opportunity of acquiring further certainty. For this purpoſe, two ladies, at my requeſt, expoſtulated with him. His Lordſhip heard, with the utmoſt politeneſs, all they had to ſay; and when they would have urged to his humanity my unequalled diſtreſs, and beſought his conſideration, he peremptorily replied, "So far from "thinking it an act of humanity to ſerve Mrs.

" Stewart, I ſhould think that, in giving her any " aſſiſtance or countenance, I was committing a " *ſin*, and an *impoſition* upon the world. When " Mrs. Stewart firſt applied to me, I pitied and " ſerved her, as I then believed her an injured and " innocent woman in that public tranſaction which " there is no occaſion to particularize. But I have " ſince talked with people who have entirely " changed my opinion of that affair; and I have " *promiſed*, and determined myſelf, never to af- " ford her any aſſiſtance, directly or indirectly."— Theſe were his Lordſhip's expreſs words, repeated, indeed, to one of the ladies who had ſpoken to him a ſecond time.

I was no longer at a loſs for an expoſition of thoſe incidents which I could before but imperfectly read: here was the gloſſary which too clearly decyphered the rejection or coldneſs of certain perſonages, who, if not inſidiouſly prejudiced by Lord Rawdon, would, I am perſuaded, have withheld neither

neither their protection nor ſuccour. For though he could not *impoſe* his opinion of a tranſaction which, having received the deciſion of a court of judicature, every perſon was equally competent to judge of; yet the man, uncandid enough to ſuppoſe wrong, where no opportunity of proof exiſts—and, more eſpecially, capable of imputing guilt, where the moſt ſacred teſtimony of innocence had been found—*that* man will ſcarcely ſcruple to add falſehood to injuſtice; and, either by inſinuation, or more open aſſertion, aſperſe and injure, whenever malice may prompt, or occaſion ſhall ſerve: and, independent of ſuch palpable proceeding, every body knows what may be done by mere implication; what a ſignificant heſitation, an ambiguous ſentence, or a dextrous equivocation, can effect. A ſtriking inſtance of the latter I am authorized to ſtate.

One of my creditors, inſtigated either by that ignorant impertinence ſo common to low people, or

influenced by the idea of obtaining his debt, went to Lord Rawdon, with the uſual complaint of his "own hardſhip;" and apologiſing for the liberty, by preſuming that a relation would probably lend ſome aſſiſtance.—"Mrs. Stewart!!—*the Stewarts* "were not *his* family! Indeed the *woman* had "written him a begging letter, and he had, out "of compaſſion, relieved her; but *he* was not re-"lated to the *Stewarts*."—Now, here was an abſolute, and, from its intention, a corrupt falſehood, conveyed under the utterance of a truth; for his Lordſhip's relationſhip and mine is by the Grahams, as has been already recited.—Well! my creditor, thus ſpoken to, and nothing doubting the word of a Lord—for who of the vulgar do, unleſs when the Lord chances to be in their debt?—this man, of courſe, ſuppoſed me the liar and impoſtor that his Lordſhip's ſpeech had directly given him to underſtand.

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The ſtory circulated; and I was, conſequently, exceedingly ſcandalized, and materially aggrieved in my affairs. Nor is there any ſaying how far ſuch licentious defamations reach, where they may meet one, or to what extent they may injure: neither rectitude can defend from their miſchiefs, nor can truth preponderate againſt falſehood ſo aimed and ſo managed as was this of his Lordſhip's; and more particularly when, as in the preſent caſe, the defamer happens to ſtand on the ſummit of oſtenſibility—is of preſumed honor—powerful in fortune and in friends: whilſt the unhappy woman he ſeeks to cruſh, is, by misfortune and calumny, ſtripped of thoſe advantages which it is his greater luck to poſſeſs.

If it ſhould be aſked what could induce Lord Rawdon to act thus, I can only anſwer, that I am uninformed of his motives, further than the pretence he advanced to my friends. By the following letter I have demanded an explanation, which

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though his Lordſhip has not vouchſafed to my requiſition, he may poſſibly be leſs reſerved, and more ingenuous, to the publick.

"LONDON, *Auguſt* 1, 1788.

"MY LORD,

"AFTER having admitted the "rights of relationſhip, received the confidence of "misfortune, acknowledged my truth, and de- "clared your reſpect for what yourſelf was pleaſed "to term my "merit and undeſerved ſufferings;" "had you renounced theſe conceſſions of candour "from any mere laxity of principle, or paroxyſm of "caprice, your Lordſhip had found in my diſdain "your ſecurity againſt notice. But the influence "of a more active ſentiment than tacit contempt "becomes indiſpenſible, when, under the obvious "ſubterfuge of unfounded change of opinion, you "would defend yourſelf by raiſing the dagger of "illiberality, armed in calumny, and the darker

"malevolence

" malevolence of infidious imputation. Could I,
" in like manner, deſcend to the ignorance, not
" to ſay flagitiouſneſs, of confounding accuſation
" and guilt, I might object to your Lordſhip a yet
" fouler charge than even that with which you
" would ſtigmatize me; a charge too from which,
" if the world miſtake not, your Lordſhip ſtands
" no further exonerated than in the bare plea of
" military licenſe, ſanctioned by the preſumption
" of neceſſity, and that ſanction perhaps leſs in the
" *ſpirit* of right than in the *letter* of toleration:
" whilſt my innocence has received the moſt un-
" queſtionable, and conſequently the moſt ho-
" nourable, evincement of human teſtimony. We
" will not, my Lord, urge, we will only hint,
" the glaring indecency and unjuſtifiable import
" of arraigning, in your impeachment of me, that
" ſolemn verdict of juſtice which involved ſo ſacred
" and ſo momentous an object as *three lives*; but
" I ſhall take leave to remind your Lordſhip of

" your

" your having paraded the gauntlet of mortal de-
" fiance, upon an inſinuation that *you* had ſported
" with *one*. Ere you preſumed to traduce others,
" it might have been well remembered, that *they*
" may be of as nice ſenſibility, as tenacious of their
" honour and rectitude, as indignant of reflection,
" and equally entitled to render the traducer ac-
" countable. True, indeed! my ſex protects your
" Lordſhip from perſonal chaſtiſement. But if,
" under this impunity, inſulting and aggrieving an
" unfortunate defenceleſs woman be allowable to
" the character of man, that praiſe is my Lord of
" Rawdon's. However, nothing ought to, nor
" ſhall, ſhelter him from an acknowledgment, or
" the alternative of his conduct being ſubmitted
" to publick judgment, by which truth is ever ge-
" neroufly received, and the oppreſſed protected;
" and by which arrogant oſtentation cannot be
" miſtaken for dignity, nor ſpecious affectations
" of philanthropy be impoſed for genuine benefi-
" cence.

" cence. In ſhort, your Lordſhip muſt be con-
" ſcious that I have to charge you with extreme in-
" humanity, unwarrantable illiberality, unbecom-
" ing inſolence, and private injury; and I there-
" fore muſt *inſiſt* upon your immediate and un-
" equivocal reaſons for ſuch conduct, as alſo the
" ſatisfaction of an apology, if not of repara-
" tion.

" I am, my Lord,

" Your Lordſhip's humble Servant,

" MARGARET CAROLINE STEWART."

To LORD RAWDON.

Having given his Lordſhip four months for determination, I truſt I cannot incur any imputation of precipitancy in now proceeding to publication.

I am entirely aware of the many diſagreeable retroſpections which this addreſs may bring forward.

And as nothing is more repugnant to that delicacy, or more mortifying to that laudable pride, which renders every one deſirous of burying their own humiliating ſituations and private circumſtances: ſo to avoid this painful diſcloſure, and thoſe unpleaſant retroſpections, and likewiſe to preſerve myſelf in unobtruſive modeſt obſcurity, I have hitherto largely ſacrificed — been dead to the world, and alive only to ſuffering and oppreſſion. Yet there is a point of irreſiſtible neceſſity, and of indiſpenſible duty, which muſt ſuperſede other conſiderations; and ſuch neceſſity is too ſurely mine.

I do not intereſt myſelf about what intemperate malignity may ſuggeſt, or vulgar cenſure ſhall ſay: for both theſe I perfectly underſtand *how* to diſdain.

But to that ſuperior and enlightened part of the Public, whom alone I regard, and to whoſe candour and generoſity I appeal and confide myſelf,

I am,

I am, and ever muſt be, with the greateſt deference, and trueſt eſteem,

Their faithful, and

moſt obedient Servant,

MARGARET CAROLINE STEWART.

LONDON,
December 19, 1788.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHEN the reſiſtleſs hand of want, the unnatural conduct of my family, and Lord Rawdon's baſe imputation of guilt, conſtrained me to appeal from theſe united wrongs to the candour and humanity of the world, I might have hoped that the malice of my adverſaries, ſatiated by a view of ſuch accumulated and piercing miſeries as mine, would have ſubſided, nor have further ſought to extend their perſecutions—to oppreſs the oppreſſed—and, by labouring to ſuppreſs publick charity, demonſtrate that nothing leſs than my periſhing is their object, or can ſatisfy their rancour. Still, though I neceſſarily deplore my own ills, and the depravity of thoſe who would thus perpetuate them, I cannot but give my enemies a ſmile of defying contempt, when I reflect

that my fate reſts with a diſcerning Public—with ENGLISH RECTITUDE, and ENGLISH HUMANITY.

The groſs miſrepreſentation circulated by Lord Rawdon reſpecting the ſum which I had received from him, and the injurious tendency of ſuch miſrepreſentation, rendered it neceſſary to aſcertain the truth, by publiſhing the following

CARD TO LORD RAWDON.

Mrs. STEWART takes leave to aſſure Lord RAWDON, that her having omitted to mention, in her CASE, the particular ſum for which ſhe is indebted to his benevolence, was not owing to any wiſh of concealing from the Public the full extent of his Lordſhip's generoſity; but to Mrs. Stewart's having, in the ſimplicity of her judgment, conceived that SUCH a general acknowledgment, as ſhe has therein made, would have proved more acceptable to his Lordſhip's delicacy than a debtor and creditor ſpecification of SIXTEEN GUINEAS—ſix guineas received by Colonel Haſtings, and ten guineas by Lord Rawdon's foreign ſervant. However, Mrs. Stewart hopes that this preciſe ſtatement of pecuniary obligation will now atone for her former omiſſion, and teſtify her willingneſs to do all poſſible juſtice to his Lordſhip's munificence.

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The handſome terms, and why ſhould I not ſay the liberal encomium? with which my CASE has mentioned Lord Rawdon's pecuniary favours and firſt conduct to me—might, I imagined, have gratified even *his* oſtentation. Upon what principle, therefore, I am, on this ſubject, taxed with "malevolent ingratitude*," is altogether paradoxical: unleſs, indeed, his Lordſhip feels my eulogium of his beneficence to be the *malice* of praiſe; or *condeſcendingly* means to inſtruct me, that generoſity is no ſhield againſt falſehood; and that, though ſpeaking too favourably is an error of virtue, it may likewiſe be an act of imprudence. I thank his Lordſhip for the leſſon; and ſhall at leaſt repay this obligation by henceforth rendering him *ſpecific juſtice*.

Till Lord Rawdon thought proper to make MONEY a queſtion between us, I never had, nor

* See a Letter in the MORNING POST of January 9th, 1789, ſigned JUSTICE.

ever could have, any idea of the kind. Relative to HIM, my CASE contains not an alluſion to, nor ſuggeſtion of, pecuniaries, except the general, and, I muſt be allowed to repeat, the liberal acknowledgment which I have therein made for his timely relief; and though I purpoſely neglected ſtating that relief to conſiſt of *Sixteen Guineas*, ſuch neglect only evinces my prudence to have been leſs, and my gratitude more, than it ought. But that I was not aware of his Lordſhip's extenſive ſpirit of *amplification*, is, I confeſs, a triumph of political ingenuity over ſimple integrity.

I am not unapprized, that, ſince the publication of my CASE, every invidious art of inſinuation and fallacy has been exerted to prejudice me with individuals; to miſlead public judgment; and to intercept public benevolence. However, theſe illicit practices of lurking malevolence, which, crouching beneath the abject cover of diſhonourable equivocation and daſtardly ſlander, neither daring

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to face truth, nor yet to defend their own principles—theſe practices were confined to verbal reports and private circles, until the following paragraph appeared in the MORNING POST.

" Among the wonders of the day, Mrs. Stewart's Caſe is certainly not the leaſt curious or extraordinary. It charges three perſonages of high rank and reputation with ſingular cruelty and illiberality: Lord Rawdon is directly accuſed of unwarrantable malevolence to the individual; and of inſulting the juſtice of his country, and the obligations of ſociety, by impeaching the equity of her acquittal, which is, in fact, ſaying that juries are perjured, judges corrupted, and the King and Council ſacrificing the innocent; for if Mrs. Stewart's acquittal is impeached, the Perreaus muſt be ſaid to have ſuffered unjuſtly. Lord Galloway and the Honourable Keith Stewart are next repreſented as men callous to every feeling of humanity, and inſenſible to what they owe to their own characters as men of honour and of family. But they will, doubtleſs, free themſelves from theſe imputations by a public defence, or a public diſavowal of ſuch conduct."

This paragraph bringing more immediately before the world the actual and incontrovertible point of conteſt, might well alarm his Lordſhip to a ſenſe

a ſenſe of the dangerous predicament in which his veracity ſtands; and that he was called upon either to juſtify or to diſavow the ſubject of accuſation, *i. e.* his *nefarious cenſure that would criminate the verdict of an* ENGLISH JURY, particularly on the ſacred queſtion of Life, and in a cauſe too which was not ſingly deciding upon my innocence, but effectively adjudging death to two men, whoſe ſentence had, from an extraordinary benignity of mercy, been ſeven months ſuſpended on their bare aſſertion, "That ſomething favourable for them "would ariſe from my trial." That my trial produced nothing but a full confirmation of their excluſive guilt, and my entire innocence, the execution of their ſentence is the beſt proof. To arraign the purity of this proof, is, I believe, an impeachment of individual integrity and legal rectitude, exceeding, in outrage to JURIES, and inſult to the legiſlature, whatever has hitherto been offered to this country, or tolerated by ENGLISHMEN.

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The VULGAR PREJUDICE firſt excited againſt me by ſanguinary conſpiracy and fraudful avarice*, and now revived by preſent perſecutors, however it may affect my perſonal eſtimation, cannot change the immutable nature of truth and of irreverſible right; conſequently cannot warrant nor extenuate Lord Rawdon's offence, which, through me, ſtrikes at a common intereſt of mankind; involving not only civil but moral equity, and the ſerious obligations of ſociety. In ſhort, if Lord Rawdon be not in this queſtion amenable to reprehenſion, there is not any probity that may not, on a ſimilar principle, be denied; nor any character which may not with impunity become the ſport of ruffian licentiouſneſs, or the prey of ſhameleſs calumny.

The paragraph before recited obviouſly ſtung, and occaſioned two anonymous letters†, if letters ſuch

* Alluding to the Perreaus, and the late Sir Thomas Frankland.

† The Letter before noted, ſigned JUSTICE, and another Letter ſigned SCOURGE, in the MORNING POST of January 9th and 12th.

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ſuch *things* may be called. The firſt of theſe epiſtles, by an appoſite antitheſis of its contents, bears the ſignature of JUSTICE; and, perfectly *a la* RAWDON, "bending a keener eye on *vacancy*," ſees what never exiſted, and boaſts of that which never happened. Then vapouring about "clouds," and "loads," and "mankind's opinion," of which we are to underſtand HE holds the ſcale, he obligingly charges me with a "vanity of literary talents, and preſcribes "perpetual obſcurity:" forgetting that the tyrrannies of neceſſity have enforced my obtruſion upon the world's attention; and that though I can readily pardon an ignorance which

The former Letter may juſtly be attributed to the pen of Lord Rawdon, or of his confidential amanuenſis; it affects a ſort of oſtenſible decency, extols his Lordſhip's dignity, and artfully evades the queſtion. It is more difficult to form a conjecture on the origin of the ſecond Letter; for that piece of civility his Lordſhip ſeems to be indebted to the *exalted ſentiments* and *clerk-like* qualities of his porter or his groom.

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would depreciate *my* underſtanding, there can be no reaſon why I ſhould accede to a ſilence and an oblivion, which, *there needs no Ghoſt to tell us*, Lord Rawdon may right zealouſly deſire.

The ſecond epiſtle, ſigned SCOURGE, notwithſtanding its being a maſs of ribaldry and bravado vaunts, deſerves *ſome* notice for the curious doctrine which it advances, namely, that "Lord Rawdon is *above* defending his character." Perhaps ſo, when vindication is beyond his reach: otherwiſe, who ſhall not hear with indignant contempt the jargon which would teach us that ANY man is above defending his character, who is not loſt to all ſenſe of honour and of ſhame? No! no! the only reaſon his Lordſhip does not attempt to vindicate his unwarrantable conduct, or anſwer itto the public, is BECAUSE HE CANNOT. He reſorts to ſubterfuge, and ſedulouſly eludes whatever may tend to bring forward or to illuſtrate the fact; doubtleſs,

doubtleſs, in this wary reſerve, *feeling*, with Falſtaffe, that " DISCRETION *is the better part of va-*
" *lour.*"

MARGARET CAROLINE STEWART.

LONDON,
February, 1789.

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